

there were some tall wildflowers, a huge
batch of them gladly gotten rid of
by my father. i take all these
unwanted trees and flowers.

i'll stick them in the ground and
if they live they live, and if they
die they die. only thing is, with the
walnut trees: i don't see myself
being around long enough
to witness them ever
maturing into anything
meaningful.

ONLY FOR THE OLD AND THE FRAGILE

i don't know why i want to live to be an old man.
but i find that i do. it seems odd to me, when i
really think about it. there isn't much that
i want to accomplish. no major goals have made
themselves known to me. i can't see my lazy self
solving any of the serious problems facing this race
of humans i've somehow become a part of.
that sounds condescending, and i am sorry.
i want to love another woman, create more of
these poems and like some other poets i know
drink many more glasses of wine.
at the end of it all dying a gracious death
might prove to be a worthwhile act.
and just once i would like to be able to
charm the birds out of the trees.
i've heard it said that certain people can do this,
and these people are spoken of with very
noticeable envy. it'd be nice to convince
a good number of birds to come down
and land on my shoulders. if i were an
old man i would be thin and light
and these birds could pick me up and
carry me away. they would also be kind
enough to pick my wife up also.
we would float comfortably about in
the air like people in a painting
by chagall. this would be something
to live to be an old man for.
i have no desire to accumulate
wealth, and fame is completely out
of the question.
just to be held aloft
by the birds would be plenty.
birds only do this
for the old
and the fragile.

— Ronald Baatz

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